

it would not sound; and only (to this Advantage) in a certain Chamber here two Stories high from the Ground.

I continue as yet at *Kinsale*; but shall shortly return to *Dublin*, where I shall hope to enlarge the Fraternity; but these Parts are most insipid, and void of Curiosity. I am,

Dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate Friend and Servant,

Kinsale, Sept. 19.

1661.

Robert Southwell.

X. *A Letter from Mr. J. Durant to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq; F. R. S. concerning a Coal-Mine taking Fire near Newcastle upon Tyne; of the blue Well; and of a subterraneous Cavern in Weredale; lately communicated by the same Hand.*

S I R,

Read June 5.
1746.

THE Honour you were pleased to do me some Months ago, in the favourable Reception of an impertinent Visit, emboldens me to apologize for Non-performance of my Promise, which you accepted of, for sending you some of our Coal-Marcasites, and subterranean Sublimates, from the fired Coal-Mines near our Town; the Weather having been such, by Storms of Snow, violent Rains and Thaws, and keen Frosts, as it was not possible to gather the Evomitions of our *Vulcano's*;

cano's; and the *Specimina* of them which I had by me being too small to offer, for Satisfaction of so many Trials, as I know you would have been desirous to put them to; and the Marcasites, I feared, alone might have been an Oblation too trivial for your Acceptance. It shall be my Endeavour, so soon as the Weather shall prove favourable, to transmit you (if possible) a Quantity of each, sufficient to experiment on.

The Fire at first was occasioned by a Candle, negligently placed by a Pitman, as he was working in a Pit about 30 Years ago. So small it was at first Noticing, that Half-a Crown was denied Reward to one, who for that Price would have engaged to have extinguish'd it: Now it has wasted Land and Mine, and grown so furious, as no Hopes of its ceasing are conceived, before the Failure of its Fuel.

The Grounds where it began belong to a Village called *Benwell*, about a Quarter of a Mile Northward from the River *Tyne*; whence, by a slow Progress, and frequent Deviations East and West, it marched Northward; sometimes preying on the Coals nearer the Surface of the Earth, and then subverting Houses and Grounds lying over it; sometimes on the deeper Mines, and was conspicuous only by its Smoak and Fire in the Night. Now it rages, and has already caused great Devastation, in Grounds belonging to a Village called *Fenham*, near a Mile Northward from the Place where it first was kindled.

Its Eruptions at present are in many Places, and various Depths. I have, both last Winter and this, in frosty Nights (for then it burns most furiously) occasionally riding by, in near 20 Places, seen its
 Flames

Flames and Pillars of Smoak. That ever it has rejected Stones, or the like, I cannot, by Information or Observation, affirm; the concreted Salts we have from it being always found either candying the super-scescent Furze, or impacted in the Surface of the Earth, at its Eruptions.

I pray, Sir, pardon my Delay in procrastinating the Performance of my mention'd Promise till a favourable and serene Season; when, if you shall command it, I may be able to give you some Account also of a Stream near this Town, which, on its Banks, in the Summer-time, as also, being evaporated over the Fire, leaves behind it a blue Powder. Its Head is thence called by neighbouring Inhabitants, *The blue Well*; as also, of some subterraneal Grottoes or Caverns in *Weredale*, about twenty Miles South-west of this Place; where, by a little Hole creeping into the Side of a vast Mountain, is entered a spacious Cavity, chambered with Walls and Pillars of decident lapidescent Waters; the Hollowness in some Places being pervious further than any yet has adventured to discover; the Darkeness of these Caverns requiring the Help of Candles, which are often extinguish'd by the dropping Water.

I have employed what Interest I could make to procure some Quantities, if possible, of that odd metalline Ore, which I made mention of when with you.

I mention these Trifles only out of an Ambition I have, if any wise you may judge me capable to injoin me any inferior Task of casting in my Mite to that Treasury of Knowledge in Things natural, which the World, Sir, expects present or future Ages

may be enriched with from your indefatigable Labours. I have not at present to add, but to beg you would persuade yourself, that no Employ can be deemed more honourable, than in your Commands, by

S I R,

Newcastle, Feb. 9.

Your humble Servant,

167 $\frac{3}{4}$.

J. Durant.

XI. *A Letter from James Parsons, M. D. F. R. S. to the President; serving to introduce a Remark from John Milner, Esq; concerning the burying of the Cows, dead of the present reigning Distemper, in Lime or not.*

S I R,

Read June 12.
1746.

WHEN the Means for preventing the Infection among the Cattle were under Consideration, Burying them was thought the most effectual Method to hinder its Progress; and, by way of Improvement to this Project, the Addition of Lime was imagined necessary, for the more speedy Destruction of the distemper'd Carcasses. But some Doubts arising, whether the Lime might not exalt the putrid Particles, and help to spread the Infection, it was the Opinion of several of the Learned, that it was most safe, on that account, to bury them without it.

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